



LINES WRITTEN ON OUR PATRIOTIC PRIEST
FATHER THO'S O'MALLY
BY WILLIAM FUR EL

He is dead O'ween our home & O' our side
And all our brave young artists as men they have deeply
sigh'd
But if we thought he be inter'd down here below
We wou'd take young O'Mally's to be a wiser way.

O how the patriot's mother be that rear'd that darling
child
When in his arms he lov'd the green for Ireland can be
reel'd
And going to the mountain-side our faith he did explain
He often cry'd before he'd ever lurch'd the galling chains

The heart he won of every man & hope he won the Lord
He was a saint on the mountainside his name we should
revere
What in his life he won't To men now he is laid low
May God have mercy on his soul he was the pride of sweet
Mayo

Sweet Clifton on rear'd with even patriotic bold & stout,
There a row for his reverence no lounge could rail to
If he had liv'd another year our friendship we would show
His death as left us all in tears he was the pride of sweet
Mayo

We have cause to remember January seventy one
All round the shore we wou'd deplore the loss of father Tom
And if before the rising sun you'd strike the fatal blow
To mount the scaffold we wou'd run for that hero from Mayo

Just as it is in Ireland still & go to the grave
O'it young will has lovers q'ill you'd get the full details
The wild sea breeze it ne'er speaks with decay we know
And that has left O'Mally far too orthodox of sweet Mayo

He is dead in Christ though not he fills an' how long ago
And like the Sons of Connacht his Country's cause he
wou'd save

We are driven from our homes from bad landlord's you do
know

But I'll build a tomb before I dis-o'er O'ally from Mayo.